Wednesday

Came home exhausted yesterday, incapable of writing a line. Had gone to see Gheon (after a visit to my Aunt Charles Gide, just back from Switzerland) at Copeau's. He shows us his water-colors, which reveal him to be obviously very gifted. Together the two of us go to see again the exhibit of gloomy and powerful Sickerts. I accompany him to the Bach concert *("Brandenburg" Concerto,* wonderful).

Today visit to the madhouse of Ville-Evrard — whence I do not get back until eight o'clock. Too long to relate here.

Thursday

Barres's formal reception into the Academy. For the first time in my life I enter the small enclosure. Paul A. Laurens, at whose house we had lunched and who is with us, withdraws before the mob.

Why speak here of what all the newspapers will be full of? We leave before Vogue's speech.

Barr&s wears the frightful uniform as elegantly as one can. Of all of us he has changed the least. How I like his thin face, his flattened-down hair, even his common accent! What a flat speech he made! And how I suffered from the touches of cowardice, the flatteries, the concessions to the opinion of his audience, which are perhaps natural to him (I mean for which he probably did not have to distort his thought, but which met a too easy applause here); and also his thrust at Zola!

I was not the only one to notice the care with which, praising the family of Heredia, he said nothing of the sons-in-law.[5]

Will no one bring out with what strange and crafty cleverness this master sophist enrolled in his carnp, in order to praise them, those two uprooted masters: Leconte de Lisle and Heredia? (And Chenier! and Moreas!)[6]

Left the Academy quite demoralized with fatigue and melancholy. Another day like this and I shall be ready for religion.

At Charavay's, who is going to sell them the day after tomorrow, skimmed through a packet of letters by Flaubert. His frankness and

[5] Barres was elected to the chair vacated by the death of the poet Jose-Maria de Heredia. The daughters of the poet all married writers: H61&ne first married the novelist Maurice Maindron and then the critic Ren6 Douraic; Marie became Mme Henri de Regnier; and Louise, after her divorce from Pierre Louys, became Mme Gilbert de Voisins.

[6] With his long novel *Les D6radn£s (The Uprooted)* in 1897, Barres became the apostle of stability and conservatism symbolized by the individual's roots in his provincial earth. Gide's *Nourritures terrestres* in the same year preached the necessity of fleeing all such restrictions, and his review of *Les Dfracings* in the *Ermitage* for 1897 clearly voiced this ideological conflict.